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1791

...MAUDINE LÄRIVEN...

BY

MARY THOMAS

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Seven Gables, Apr. 5, 1848

Maudine Lärïven.

PART I.

'TWAS summer. The forest, the lake and the dell
Seemed vying with each their own story to tell.
While that night over all lay shimmering gleams
Of a silver moon, like a maiden's fair dreams.
The breeze, as it passed with a sigh through the leaves,
Seemed to whisper of things no mortal e'er sees.
For too short is the sight, too fleeting the years,
To grasp all of Nature before life is sear.
For ages she has lived, and sung her wild song:
We live but a moment, and then in the throng
Of this busy world, too absorbed in its bills
To give ear to music of Nature's fair wills.
For to each there is given a harp yet unstrung:
It is ours to string, and the music's begun.
She never refuses, from out her rich mine,
To give to the soul all the songs it would find.

Maudine Lariven, on this calm summer night,
Was trying to string this life-harp aright;
With none to suggest, and by none be advised,
It was hers to solve the dim future disguised.

MAUDINE LARIVEN

An orphan, and reared by two brave, honest hearts,
Of some distant kin, who thought that life's start
Was only a husband, a home and some pelf,
And then should a girl be content with herself.

Maudine, as she sat in the moon's gentle ray,
Thus lost in the spell of the fast-dying day,
And dreaming those dreams that are food for the young,
Before Care, with grim face and withering tongue,
Bids the dreams all depart; then serves up the strife,
Thus passing us on o'er the stages of life:
With hope for the foot-light, men's praises the goal,
At last falls the curtain—the grave and its mold.
Now into this life, as the dreams came and went,
There stole a soft voice, by our bold Nature sent:
"Leave existence for others who only grope
In the dull, dead paths, never reaching the slope
Of life's intentions ideal. On heights far above
This clamor, this strife and this base, human love,
There's a throne that awaits with Fame's brilliant hues
All those who attempt and will pay the just dues.
The path is not easy, and often 'tis dark;
But hope, a companion, will lend a bright spark.
And when once your feet on the heights you have pressed,
And over your brow shall the laurel wreath rest,
God smiles on the effort. Then trials and strife
Seem naught when compared with this radiant life."
Maudine rose with a start. What wild dream was this?

That echoing voice, like some will-o-the wisp,
Was luring her onward to marshes unseen.
But, oh! could it ever be more than a dream?
The breeze through the forest continued to sigh:
The lake's placid bosom reflected the sky:
And the moon's pale face gently sank to its rest,
Leaving only a gleam in the distant west.
While over the pillow of Maudine's fair head
No poppies were shaken, she onward was led
By the force of that voice, its strength and its will,
And try as she would it haunted her still.

Aurora's soft tread awakened the flowers,
Shook from their petals their dew laden dowers.
Morning, now gay in her crystalized splendor,
Peeped through the blinds of the grey cottage window,
And over the couch, where Maudine lay sleeping,
Spread her mantle of gold: sunlight came creeping
And bathed the fair head, the white brow, and the cheek
With fresh golden rays. Maudine woke with a shriek.
The dream of the night with phantasy's power,
Led through dreamland her steps to Fame's lofty tower,
And there, as she waited her trophy to find,
Fame's rays were too great, she awoke to be blind.
And her great brown eyes lay straining their sight
At the ray on her pillow of golden light.
Only a dream, by reality broken:
But could it be true that this was a token

That often befell those who strove but in vain,
And lost their own soul, while they sought that of fame?
"I will not believe it: this is not the end.
To those who seek power, God willingly lends.
I will not believe this life holds but alloy:
'Tis radiant, 'tis buoyant, 'tis brimming with joy.
'To do and to dare' is the law that is given—
And you shall obey it, Maudine Lariven."

Six months had gone by. Maudine's aspiration
Had reached the college, the first inspiration
Long since instilled. But now through her life's joyous song
Rang a minor key thus,—"I cannot be wrong."
Her first heart's desire had been granted, 'tis true,
But over her sky clouds were hiding the blue.
She thought of her home, now no longer her home:
For had she not chosen the world's paths to roam,
Nor linger thus idly and dream life away?
'Twas work she was wanting, and not idle play.
She thought of the loved ones, whose lives she had filled
With sunshine and gladness,—now gloomy and ill:
And then the squire's voice, with its low measured tone,
"Come not back, Maudine, for my heart turns to stone.
When you pass this threshold your fortune to try,
You no longer rules of a daughter comply.
Now go. May God bless you wherever you roam,
But know that this cottage is no longer home."

"So I went, I am gone, and now here I stand.
I will not, I cannot, e'er break that command.
'To do and to dare.' 'To dare' has been done.
'To do' lives through ages, 'tis scarcely begun.
A rule only half-lived is not lived at all.
I will live the whole well, though bitter as gall."

Time passed with its laughter, its trials, its tears,
Until the fair June-time had numbered two years.
The old college halls wore a holiday look
With festoons of flowers, not a problem or book
Left a mar on the scene of what once had been.
And even the thought of the past seemed a sin.
For was it not said by the wisest of men,
That we scorn the degrees by which we ascend?

The morrow's tide, as it spread o'er the main,
Would carry not only the wrecks that had lain
For ages, perchance, on its rock-bounded coast,
To drift far away as some mariner's ghost;
But on the great ocean of life would be borne
Some barks yet untried, by the waves yet unworn,
And some to be anchored in harbors of peace;
While some would drift out where the waves never cease
To rock the frail bark as Charybdis' mad whirl;
And some on the grey rock of Scylla be hurled.
Impatient is youth, as down its small stream
It hastens to meet all of life's deeper themes,

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Impatient to launch on this sea of action
And fill up some space, if only a fraction
Of life's greatest problem is given to play:
But 'tis better this, than a naught on the bay.

Commencement! And forth from the old college door
These fair girls were trooping with will and with lore,
To build for themselves those fond castles of dreams,
And to make life the thing it long had but seemed.
With the troop came Maudine, whose bright sunny face
Wore a shadow,—a cloud left its somber trace.
The smile was still there, and the soft rippling laugh,
But from depths scarcely seen was borne a sad waft
Of old melancholy, who planted himself
In the girl's sunny life, by others bereft.

Another came with her, with rich raven locks,
Blue eyes full of laughter, yet while they would mock.
They were friends. The word with its meaning intent
Had realized fully the depths of content
That's found in this blessing, this unselfish part,
When all through life's battles, heart speaks unto heart.

The light, happy nature of Dora Duvall
Shed its beams o'er those things, that often appall
Even those who are stronger to battle with strife,
And accept more shadows than sunshine in life.
In all the wide world, that was lying beyond,

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Maudine claimed but this friend in all the great throng.
And this summer eve, as she stood all alone
In the dear little room now two years her own,
A cold shudder passed through the slight girlish form,
As she gazed on it all: then out on the lawn,
And clasping her hands o'er her fast heaving breast:
"Ah, no more, no more will my life e'er know rest."

The words scarcely spoken, when through the door sprang
Dora, happy and bright, whose voice o'er the clang
Of the old, rusty bell, whose duty was done
With this last dinner call, its calm rest begun:
"Oh Maudine, it's papa! he waits in the hall
To meet the fair goddess. I've written them all
What a dear, wise creature you sometimes could be,
And how often you've warned their vain chick-a-dee,
When reckless and wild, she'd go spouting about.
And to tell you the truth, I haven't a doubt
That mamma and papa have built you a throne,
While they will seat me at your feet on a stone.
Oh well, I'm content since it's you, Maudie dear,
And never accuse me of shedding a tear
For all of the love and the honor and fame
That so soon will cluster about your fair name.
Content will I be with this honor given,
Of knowing the stately Maudine Lariven.
But come, papa waits all impatient, I know,
To greet you, his smiles and his blessing bestow."

"Dear papa, I've brought her, the dear fairy queen,
Just robe her in purple: yes, this is Maudine."
The dear kindly smile, which beamed from his clear eyes,
Read the depths of the soul and heard the heart cries.
As in the firm clasp of his fatherly hand
Hers rested a moment, she carefully scanned
The tall, portly figure, the locks iron grey,
And deep in her heart a still voice seemed to say,
"A life nobly lived, it speaks in the man.
My life shall be likewise, I know that it can."
"My dears, here our carriage is waiting without,
And forth from the station the train leaves about,—
Yes, seven, I believe: so on with your hats,
We'll reach the old home with the swallows and bats."

* * * * *

The train slowly pulled into Maxton station.
There gathered about it the whole creation.
So Dora declared, as she jumped from the train,
Her heart all a flutter, a tumult her brain,
Yes, there's mother and Johnny, and Sarah Ann,
The last two are colored, the children of Ham,
In a moment more in her mother's embrace
She had forgotten them all, forgotten the place,
Till Johnny, important in collar and tie,
Exclaimed, as he rolled the great white of his eye,
"Miss Dorie, you's spilin' that ting on yours head,
What's it you call 'em? 'jack-o-lantern,' Ned said."

MAUDINE LARIVEN

A peal of gay laughter went out on the air,
And Dora exclaimed, in a tone of despair,
"Yes, Johnny, 'tis gone: but will well suit your kinks,
I'm sure it's becoming, now don't you all think?"
And Johnny's broad grin was a token of thanks.
'Twas thus he accepted all Dora's wild pranks.

The greetings were over, and through the dim light
Of the stars over-head they soon reached the site,
Where love built above it an arc-light and dome,
And gave it the name of all names, that of home.

Dora's childish glee knew no bounds any more,
As she ran up the steps and threw open the door.
"Come, Maudine, rejoice, for no more college days,
Where no one is ever allowed her own way,
I hate the whole thing, but, oh! how I love
This, the dearest of spots, all others above.
And my home is your home, we're sisters, you see."
And onward she went in her prattle and glee.
Bnt the sense of her joy, her happy content,
Forced Maudine, a moment, almost to relent
She should taste of home joys in this ideal place.
For was it not sands that were waiting her trace?
For only a moment did shadows like these
Chase the light in this home, where only "to please"
Seemed the motto of all: their effort combined
Soon brought from the gloom Maudine's wandering mind.

That night as the mother, with loving embrace,
Left a kiss on their lips, and tucked them in place,
Descended the steps to her own cozy room,
She knew not the light that was piercing the gloom
Of the depths of one poor sad heart up above
Awakened to life by a mother's fond love.

The summer was rapidly passing away.
But new beauties wakened with each going day.
And now to the seaside humanity fled,
By the cooling breeze, and the salt water led.
And with the gay throng on the beach might be seen
Dora Duvall, and with her, Maudine.

Dora

"Oh, won't that be jolly, just think of the fun
You are going to have when once you've begun,
Maudine, when you're teaching, please think of Miss Smart,
Don't frown on the youngsters like an apple tart.
I'm dying to see you in that honored role,
A teacher! Your life to dull knowledge then sold.
And then, do you know, you never will marry!
There's something about them they ever will carry,
And which says to the world,—What is it they say?
Oh yes, 'Away, base man, forever away!
I would neither your love, your name nor your pelf,
For you are such stuff, so conceited of self!'
And yet, do you know in those fond baby minds
You will place there a love for all womankind?

Thus following the path where you placed their feet;
Perhaps some distant day a teacher they'll meet,
And then to her heart they will fondly incline
To meet the rebuff. Maudine, it's too unkind!
Let me warn you now, my dear, my lady fair,
Don't teach till the silver comes in your brown hair."

Maudine

"Dora, your sermon loses all of its force,
My star is doomed to run its own course,
I'll guide it the best that my weak mind can do,
And doubtless 'twill be to teach all the years through.
Thus, many to love me, for in the child mind
We find the purest of all humankind.
What matters it, then, if my life should be spent
Giving to others what to me has been lent?
I'll happier be in this bright, golden sphere,
Than serving some master, half through love and half fear."

Dora

"Tut, Maudine dearie, you are out of your head,
Your heart must be pierced by an arrow of lead,
Call it mere foolishness on dear Dora's part,
But I must have something to fill up this heart.
With soiled little urchins, from off the vile street,
Do you think I could fill it so calm, so meek?"

Maudine

"Not you, Dora dear, you require more than I,
Your life has been fed from the blue of the sky,

While mine has drunk deep from the mud and the mire.
My duty shall be to lift others higher."

Dora

"Maudine, you take life so serious sometimes
I feel that you live in a different clime.
You'd better consider, ere taking the step,
Though important it be, to that honored 'rep.'
Oh, can't you now see old Miss Smart in her chair,
As over her glasses she pulls out my hair
With those keen, eagle eyes, because I use slang?
O madam, your voice through my body then rang.
Retire to the walls of some tomb far apart
And please rend not again this poor, bleeding heart.
I trust they will ask me to write an essay
On Miss Smart's dear life, when she passes away."

Maudine

"O Dora, how wicked you sometimes can be,
You doubtless will sometime say that about me.
When I, like Miss Smart, have grown old in the toil;
And all of my temper, I know, will soon spoil."

Dora

"I know this about you, mama said last night,
When you were out driving with those Misses Wright,
You were crushing, she said, she saw it right then,
All those dear tender feelings lying within.
And ere you are grown you'll be cold and severe.
At least, to the world, that's the way you'd appear."

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Maudine

"I'm sorry your mother has thought thus of me,
And her prophecy may in years come to be.
The world only treads on the things it can crush;
Then why not grow hard ere you brave the mad rush,
Be prepared for the worst, yet hope for the best?
And in doing this I believe I'll be blessed."

Dora

"Maudine, we are wasting this eve talking stuff.
Besides, this wind is getting too rough.
Let's go home to mother, and let her decide
Which of the ways we have opened so wide,
Does she think will likely be smiled on and blest,
And finally end in a haven of rest."

Maudine

"I'm sure your dear mother would say both were wrong,
We each have a point, but it's not very strong.
In fact, I'm not sure we could make her perceive
The thought, as we see it, and firmly believe.
But you live to your ideas, I'll live to mine,
The result we will leave with old Father Time."

The shadows of evening were spreading their gloom,
When the two girls entered the elegant room
Of Mrs. Duvall. "Are my rosebuds just back?
Ah, dearies, I'm thinking it's prudence you lack.

But come, sit right down here, and now let me tell
What comes from the pen of your cousin, Dean Well."

"O mother, don't read that big letter aloud,
He always seems to me so beastly, so proud,
I never have seen him, you know, Maudine dear,
But, oh! 'tis enough those big letters to hear.
Could you read descriptions of Athens and Rome,
And how while at Paris he felt so at home,
Bah! you would just think he was old Pericles
Come back with his teachings, and fine arts to please.
Oh! my cousin Dean Well,—your name is not dear,
Some wells are so deep we're afraid to go near.
I'm sure I should scream at the sight of this *well*,
But what is it, mother, you're going to tell?"

"My child, it so pains me to hear you thus talk,
For his name, I am sure, is none of his fault.
Don't form your opinions until you have seen,
To do so is narrow; and really 'tis mean
To speak of your cousin in such bitter terms;
Do not recite till the lesson you've learned.
Until you have known him, it can't be your right
Of him thus to speak. But he's coming tonight."

"What! tonight, mother dear? tonight, did you say?
Ah, woe is the hour, the night or the day
Which finds him here in this house for the season.

MAUDINE LARIVEN

I tell you, Maudine, it's all out of reason,
To think we must be by this big old bear bored,
I really can't stand it, I'll take to the road
And reach dear old Maples before he arrives.
Come with me, Maudine, we will run for our lives."

"Now Dora, darling," Mrs. Duvall replied,
"Upon your good judgment I've always relied.
Your cousin arrives by the nine-thirty train:
Now quiet your nerves, smooth your overwrought brain:
Appear your dear self, and I'm sure you'll not find
The bear you expect, but a richly stored mind,
And with it, all the essentials of nature,
A gentleman, fully six feet in stature."

"Well, well, if I must,—oh! that horrid old word,
It seems that all things in this old world preferred
To say that you must, but with never a not.
Oh well, I suppose it's the important lot
Of woman, at least, thus it's always I must.
So, with the bread of life, we must eat the crust."
And Dora sank back in a great easy chair,
As if in the throes of an awful despair.

"Now, Dora, my darling, the clock's striking nine,
Your toilet, my dear, or you'll not be in time
To drive with your father to meet cousin Dean."
And over her chair Mrs. Duvall leaned,

And on the white brow, and the cheek fondly pressed
A mother's own kiss. Dora's head on her breast
For a moment was still. "Oh mother forgive!
I've been naughty tonight, too naughty to live.
I never again will be angry and mean,
If all the whole world turns to one cousin Dean."

* * * * *

'Round the station were standing small, eager groups
That always gather, like some wandering troops,
Expectant and waiting. For what? they scarce know.
Thus out on the evening would mingle and flow
Soft words and coarse laughter made one by the breeze,
And a jarring note in the heart did it leave
Of Maudine and Dora, who stood well apart,
Maudine calm, indifferent; Dora's light heart
Seemed breaking beneath this, her new load of care
That was coming tonight with this English bear.

"I hate him, I hate him! I tell you right now,
Mother thinks I'll like him, but there'll be a row,
And Maples will crumble away and decay,
Before I shall ever reach that holy day.
O Maudine, how can you stand there with that smile,
Don't you hear that whistle? the train's not a mile!
'Smile, too,' did you say? My old heart is breaking.
There! It lies smack in two; each part aquaking.—
And yonder he stands, a real, sure enough man.

Let's give him a welcome to Freedom's land,
For ere long, perchance, he'll be trying to teach
The rules of old Russia he's heard the Czar preach."

One glance at the form and the face of Dean Well,
The proof was sufficient, without voice to tell,—
A man of the world, with an elegant grace,
Refinement and intellect shone in his face.

Mr. Duvall pressed warmly the hand of Dean Well.
"How long it has been, ah, how long, can you tell,
Since last I embraced you? A mere schoolboy then,
Preparing a way in the world to begin.
You scarcely remember those old-timey days?
Yes, Carrie's as young and as happy today,
As when we left England, a fortune to find.
But really, I'm cheating you, losing my mind.
But then, that's the way when we feel a great joy,
We are too full of self. Eh, Dean, my dear boy?
I'm keeping those ladies impatient, no doubt,
To know what I've been all this great while about.
Yes, here they are, this way, I'll bring you out right
If I have kept you talking full half the night.
So they all declare, for a lady, you know,
Feels slights of a moment a very deep blow."

Now, Dora, who knew not the workings of fate,
Clasped the hand of the man she had just sworn to hate,

Smiled up in his face, while her heart gave a bound,
And stepping back, hastily turning around
Presented her friend. Then Maudine's gentle voice,
Like the breeze of the morning, dew laden-moist:
Spoke some word of welcome, she scarcely knew what,
For her mind had wandered far back to the spot
Where once she had lived, had been happy and gay,
Which now seemed so distant—so far, far away.

Dean Well heard the voice, saw the far away look,
And knew that the welcome came not from the book
Of the heart, where love lives, and turns the dear leaves:
But the stern book of life, where fate sits and weaves,
And marks out those things which must be, and must not,
While the heart pulse beats on, accepting the lot.

That night, when Dean Well to his room had retired,
And sat idly summing the things just transpired
A far away look dimly passed o'er the scene.
"Ah well, my old boy, is this really you, Dean?
Must be some mistake, since you call up such things.
I never was known to give Fancy such wings.
Remember, you've lingered by many fair courts:
You surely can't mean to besiege the strong forts
Of that far away look? You're shaky, old man,
To allow your fancies such regions to scan."

* * * * *

The summer's fair noon had fast waned into eve,

And over the waters the September breeze
Brought a breath of the night,—the sear of the year—
When 'tis sunlight no longer, but firelights that cheer.
And now this last evening, as over the strand
Maudine and Dora had strolled hand in hand
Their farewell to give to the charming old shore,
So Dora declared as she passed through the door
And down the broad steps, where Maudine was standing.
"Look, Dora, you see those people just landing?
I think I discern with this keen eye of mine
That great shaggy bear, you declared you'd decline."

"Yes, Maudine, those brown eyes can see quite aright,
But through mine he's seen in a different light.
He's no longer the English bear that I dreamed.
Just think, how ridiculous I must have seemed.
I here must acknowledge the greatest defeat
That ever I wish in this old world to meet,
For when one has solemnly made up her mind,
It's horribly shocking to wake up and find
You're all in the wrong, and compelled to erase
Those things you have written upon the fair face
Of opinion's tablet. But now it is done:
Upon the smeared face is a nice little sum
Of good things I've thought since I knew him aright:
But I fought them awhile, with all of my might."

Maudine

"Opinion's tablet, on which you had written

Such terrible things, you dear little kitten,
Groaned 'neath the weight of all those contents in view,
The first time his orbs the great bear placed on you.
Come, come now, confess, weren't you sorry that night,
That that dear heart of yours was broken up quite?
A bear is ravishingly fond of all sweets,
But where is the man, who is longing to meet
A lady, young, fair, with a poor broken heart,
When he can play only a sympathy's part?
Now believe me, my dear, man lives in himself;
Lamentable state, if of ego bereft.
He rises with eagle-like wings to survey
His surroundings. If he but sojourns a day,
He will spend that short day in searching the heart
That will acknowledge his power and his art.
A broken heart never a charm for him holds,
It's only the kind that most readily moulds
Into his fancies. Yes, the lightest of clay,
The blithest of hearts, and the gayest of gay."

Dora

"Maudine, how you talk! One would think you had made
The great circuit of life, and now on parade
Were declaring what you, in your day, had seen:
Where, oh where, the crutches on which you should lean?
A body that's lived for so many ages,
And bearing a mind that speaks like dead sages,
I am sure, needs a prop to hold up those limbs,

While you speak to mankind of all their base sins.
But look! yonder comes cousin Dean, and that man,
Who has such a beautiful, fair moulded hand.
I'm finding the beauties of all the brave sons,
While living and loving but only this one.
Now don't think me silly, but now, ere we part,
I tell you I love him with all this old heart.
You say that you knew it? Now Maudine, you play;
I would not, I could not dare give this away."

* * * * *

Dean

"'Tis said, when we look on the sun we are blind
To all things, whatever their nature or kind;
So now, my dear ladies, when on your fair forms
I gazed for a moment—a moment too long,
I missed the foundation this foot sought to strike;
So down in the mud and the mire of that dike
I stood, alas, fully an hour, I am sure.
Believe me, never was anything truer
Than the lesson taught, especially this foot.
When you look to the skies, beware of the soot
That's floating about where your feet often stray,
When stalking about in this humanly way."

"But then, Mr. Well," Maudine said in reply,
"It teaches you, too, you can never rely
Upon any course that would lead to the skies;

Where your star, with smiles, smooths the pit in disguise.
Yes, the star, I admit, must first have a place
In the scope of your vision. Then should you trace
The road that would reach it, and form well your plans,
While there are valleys, there are deserts of sand.
Now, you must confess, that you readily see,
You cannot censure either Dora or me.
We have lured you on, perhaps, with our grace;
But then, you remember, it's not in good taste
To point out to a man a single mistake,
Or warn him the road that is safest to make,"

Now Dora, and the man with the fair moulded hand,
Had strolled leisurely on, and now from the strand
Passed into the woodland, whose fast falling leaves
Spoke the summer's farewell, with each gentle breeze.

Dean Well saw the two as they passed out of sight,
And into his eye quickly sprang a new light.
"Ah woman, Maudine, you the star in my sky,—
May I speak from my heart, what speaks in my eye?
Would my way through the valley of hope lead on
Or over the desert, with wind and its storm,
If with love I should start this bright star to win?
Oh! tell me, Maudine, it could not be a sin
To ask that its smile o'er my pathway to beam,
To guide, and to lift me to all that it seems?—

Its purity, nobleness, goodness of heart.
Maudine, let me be of your dear life a part."

The incoming tide rose and fell on the beach.
Some where in the grove could be heard the weird screech
Of that wise old bird, which reads only at night,
Those things that wisdom dares not bring into light.

"Maudine, may I not some assurance receive?
My sincerity, I trust, you will believe.
Then tell me, Maudine, I may live and may claim
The right to protect you, and give you my name?"

The far-away look had come back in the eye
Of Maudine Lariven, who heaved a soft sigh
As she turned to the man, whose story was told,
Which offered her love, far more precious than gold.

Maudine

"The honor you've done me this day, Mr. Well,
I realize fully, but even to sell
One's self to affection, the love that is life;
'Tis folly to dream; I can ne'er be your wife.
Tomorrow we part, and I trust when we meet,
You'll realize fully that life is complete
In the love of another, whose heart, whose mind,
Are treasures of gold from the richest of mines."

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Dean

"You bid me then cease to remember this day?
That hope only budded to die and decay?
Ah, Maudine, you cannot mean this to be all,—
This the food you would give, when heart to you calls?
You ask me to cease for the diamond to pray,
And clasp any stone I should find in the way?"

Maudine

"No, no, you mistake, that is not what I ask.
I've given you only a very small task:—
To woo where there's love, and to win for your wife
A woman, a soul; your diamond, your life."

Dean

"Will you pardon, Maudine, this great heart of mine
Saw only my love while asking for thine.
I admit my presumption, selfishness too.
I have hoped for too much, to claim love from you.
But in a recess of this secret heart,
There must live forever a lingering spark,
A fire that was kindled by Love's flaming torch,
It lifted me higher to feel but its scorch."

Back over the strand in the silence they strolled,
A man and a woman, in moments grown old.
With heart yearning for heart, that dull, throbbing pain,
Where loving is life, although loving in vain.

MAUDINE LARIVEN

"Death!" shouted Dora, who had woven a crown
Of dead leaves, that lay at her feet on the ground.
"Just see, their appearance bespeaks at some grave,
Of some buried hope they would give life to save."

O'er the face of Dean Well passed the slightest frown.
"For that hope, I think you are weaving that crown.
Ah well, fairy maiden, with locks jetty black,
You gypsy, you raven. now tell us this fact:
We all part tomorrow, to meet when and where?
Now answer my question, now deal with it fair,"

Dora

"A fairy, a gypsy, a raven, you say—
This crown, at your feet, my dear lord, would I lay.
I know a diversion from all common things
Is this combination of which you now sing.
Your question I'll answer from wisdom's great store.
Tomorrow, you say, we meet here no more,
This season, at least, since it's gone ere we go,
But right here on the beach, these seeds we will sow,
The longing and yearning which spring from the heart,
Give hope, and your will, each a very strong part,
See if we do not, in the year's golden noon,
Beneath the bright beams of a full harvest moon,
Meet right here next summer in this very spot,
Weep, or laugh and be gay, for this is our lot."

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Dean

"I see you've attempted the question to solve,
And should I ask—Why does this old earth revolve?
No doubt you'd start at the first of creation,
Explain all its course, and all deviations,
Yet the world would not change to fit your ideas,
Though you spoke the wise words of sages and seers.
And I'm tempted to think your wise gypsy lore
Knows not any less, and yet not any more
Than this dull brain of mine, that cannot tell why
Man always loves laughter, but never a sigh."

Dora

"Well, it seems to me your words are but spoken:
For you look as if your old heart was broken.
And talking of things in this old, dreary way,
You just make us think we are parting for aye.
So, Maudine, let's laugh, since it's laughter he craves.
Leave others to sigh over summer's new grave,
Maudine has such jolly fun waiting for her,
Just think of a teacher, but better not stir.
It is just think, think, think, from morning till night;
For in the schoolroom only thing is right."

Maudine

"Oh, Dora dislikes my new duties so much,
She is always giving an ironical touch,
But then I'll forgive you, you dear little elf,

I am glad it is I, and not your dear self.
I'm longing to come face to face with the world;
To feel its hard hits and to live in its whirl."

Dean Well raised his eyebrows, then looked at Maudine,
A look, that by others could never be seen.

Dean

"You'll find, Miss Lariven, that dreams never tell:
In fact, they are only a slow parting knell
To life's ideals, that we leave in the past,
When once in this old world our lots we have cast.
I'm sure you'll forgive the advice of a friend,—
Steer well of the strokes that leave only a rent:
It strengthens, perhaps; but it leaves in the life,
A bad ugly scar, from a dull ugly knife."

Maudine

"In the life we accept to live and defend,
There are always songs that to sorrow will lend
A note full of pathos—'a melody-song,'
Which speaks to the heart when the old world goes wrong.
In life are no failures, to those who pursue
The dreams of their youth, and thus make them all true.
My dreams are my life, my motto 'Still higher,'
And thus my ideals will ever come nigher."

Dean

"All your stars were high, Miss Lariven, I know,

But then unto self, should one ever be true."
A very slight blush o'er the brow of Maudine
Was by the keen eye of Dean Well quickly seen.

Maudine

"One cannot be untrue to self, I contend,
If first, they are true to those whom they call friend."

Dean

"Well, we'll not quarrel our last eve together,
You have your way and I take the other.
The days come and go, we will each live them through,
Until death, the great debt, by time is made due."

PART II.

COME November's dull days—the withering year—
That brings to the earth only death and a tear,
And over it all like a vast winding sheet,
Fold the soft drifting snow and fast falling sleet,

Maudine, at her desk on this dull, dreary day,
Gazed out on the snow and the sleet as it lay
A spotless robe o'er the great earth and its sin.
Alas! rend not the robe and look not within,
Thought Maudine, as wearily back o'er the room
She gazed in the face of stern duty. "My doom,"
She exclaimed to herself, "but I—" and just then,
Some mischievous urchin with only a pin,
The work of a moment and, lo! the deed done,
Master Innocent in his desk had begun
To study. But that howl from across the way
Brought back Maudine's mind for the rest of the day.

We go to deep wells and expect there to draw
From their depths and their gloom, some light that will thaw
The hard, frozen mysteries gathered about
Which sum themselves up into one word of doubt.
We draw our conclusions, and thus ease our mind
On one point; when lo! then another we find.

Thus lending the present to searching the past
For light to pierce shadows o'er the future cast.
Thus we go through life as we pass through a dream,
Chasing phantom lights with their roseate gleams.

How oft had Maudine, in the weeks just gone by,
Attempted to clear the grey mist from the sky.
But too tangled the web, too dark was the cloud,
And duty no longer those day dreams allowed.
So thus passed the days in the school room's dull toil,
Thus reaping from labor its poor meagre spoils.
Life seemed not the thing in had seemed in the past,
But a dull, heavy weight to be lifted or cast
Either upward or downwatd. What mattered it now?
Who would care for her toil, her aim? But her vow,
Ah, that would be kept, for the angels would see,
And in their book "still higher" written should be.

So time with his swift but his noiseless tread
Passed over the living and over the dead.
He left with the former his furrows of care:
He gave to the latter a grave drear and bare.
He sees not the wrecks that are left in his track,
But onward he passes and ne'er glances back.
No traces of sorrow are found on his face:
And grief in his heart has ne'er known a place.
But happy and bright does he smile on us all—
The young and the old, the great and the small:

MAUDINE LARIVEN

But often the smile we take for a frown,
Unconscious that we make the cross or the crown.

So Maudine these days, with her new cares of life,
Saw only the frown, and the dull, dreary strife
Which fills every day of those who would aspire
Not onlp to live, but rise high and higher.
In fighting the waves of adversity's sea
She grew stronger in thought and nobler to be.
And as days into years have passed now between
The dreams of the girl and the woman, Maudine,
We see her again, after hope has been blest,
Yet, still not content with this harvest to rest.
To build to the structure we plan for our lives—
The soul that speaks after mortality dies—
Not only foundation but walls must we build:
Each crevice and crack with stability filled.
Not content when the world—its old meager way,
Viewed the structure half built, and then seemed to say
It is good: and then sounded a note in our praise,
A music so sweet it seems almost to raise
This structure as high as our hopes thought to reach,
Contentment her lesson begins then to teach.
Thus time crumbles the walls, they fall in decay
And the soul, that would live, lies only in clay.

PART III.

NOW the schoolroom Maudine had left with the past,
And out on the black, inky ocean so vast
She found herself launched, and with only her pen
To guide, and to steer o'er the wrecks that had been.

It was summer again: the mountain and shore
Held out the same charms they had held oft before.
Maudine chose the mountains with Pan and his song.
The spray of the ocean, the rush and the throng
Held only aversion since last she was there;
To avoid it ever had since been her prayer.
Some epochs in life we never can rehearse.
But memories wakened are sometimes far worse
Than reality's hand, that dealt out the card,
And then left the game to be won or be marred.

In a sweet, mountain cot, by a babbling stream,
Maudine hoped to rest and to dream fairer dreams
Than ever before her clear vision had passed,
And here in this nook she was settled at last.

PART IV.

THE evening was clear and the stars, one by one,
Had their twinkling light in the heavens begun.
Maudine, near the door, in the soft dim twilight,
Sat humming an air of the days glad and bright.
How happy she felt in this haven of rest:
Now, for once in her life she felt truly blest
In finding this nook; so remote, yet so fair,
Where the world could not gaze with cold haughty stare.
The song died away on the breeze of the night,
And Maudine sat watching the flickering light
Of the small polished lamp on the stand near by:
And then she arose with a laugh or a sigh,
And crossing the room for her favorite book,
In passing the table she happened to look
At a letter that lay with white silent face,
Never whispering the secrets within its embrace,
Until Maudine made in her quick trembling haste
A wreck of the thin but firm silent case.
"From Dora at last! Ah, at Paris is she?
Yes, dated last Sunday a week. Let me see—
Old girlie, to Rome I believe you have been
Since last you have written your dear Maudie friend.
A treat I'm to have from these pages tonight,
Ah, my days seem turning to one of delight."

MAUDINE LARIVEN

"My dear Maudie friend:—I'm back from the sea,
And Paris no longer a charm holds for me.
O'er the Alpine heights comes a thrill from those skies
When, to his western couch the sun sinks and dies:
And then over the earth there seems to have spread
The pure bridal garment, and she to be wed
To heaven itself, now so sweet and so calm,
Yet so gorgeous: it really serves as a balm
To all of life's ills, and I even forgot
That I had to return to this horrid spot.
You know I have never liked Paris at all,
And can scarcely wait for the slow coming fall,
When we shall return to that dear, dear old home,
Where only in dreams do I now vaguely roam.
To have you again with me there in that spot,
I really can think of no happier lot
Than this state would be to your naughty old girl,
For you know she has lived in such a mad whirl,
She has failed to write you the great secret part
Which lives on the canvas beneath all this art.
While all of my work has been pleasant to me,
My stay in the old world with so much to see:
And mama and papa expecting so much
To come from my brush and from my artist touch,
That really I've striven for their sake, not mine,
To accomplish something in this 'artful line,'
And some of my pictures have been recognized:
While some, oh my goodness, have been criticised!

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Fame's easier gotten by critic's sharp pen,
It's always louder than the praises of men.
But back to my secret, it seems hard to tell:
That is, to begin. But once when I am well
Into the story, I shall never return
To all these outside things, as you will soon learn,
For if I were with you, you'd cry for a rest,
For my thoughts would take words without being dressed
With this composition which goes with a pen,
And such a babel as would reach your ears then.
Do you remember the day, Maudie dear,
I told you a secret that then was half fear?
You said that you knew it, but I scarcely knew
What since then has proven was only too true.
It seems I have loved cousin Dean all my life,
And soon I am to be his own little wife,
We shall be married at home. You are to be
With me all winter. So do leave yourself free
To devote to the bride of October days
All your time and your art in various ways.
Dean left here last month, and is now in New York.
I have scarcely been out except for a walk
Since he went away, so lonely I've been:
I honestly feel that I haven't a friend.
Dean said he would see you before his return,
If your summer retreat could ever be learned.
And now, Maudie dear, you know all that I know.
It is said that our harvest shall be what we sow.

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Undeserved, it seems, is this grand noble love:
It is a bright gift from the heavens above.
Now, write me, Maudine, it's been fully an age
Since last from your pen I've had one little page.
Until then adieu. We will meet in the fall.
How happy I'll be. Yours, Dora Duvall."

The letter lay scattered about on the floor.
Maudine slowly rose and passed through the door
Down the still, winding path that led to the stream,
On into the woodland as if in a dream.
Not one thought of Dora, and all her delight,
Came to Maudine's mind as she strolled through the night.
She had read what some day she hoped would be true,
But "some day" had given a different hue
That it sent a shudder of a cold, dismal fear
Through the heart of Maudine, which seemed to stand still,
Her feelings were getting the best of her will.
Life seemed to rebel at what fate had given,
And into the heart of Maudine Lariven
Another keen arrow had pierced and must lie—
No agony told by a tear or a sigh.
With lips firmly set, and with eyes from whose lids
It seemed that no soft tears could ever be bid,
Maudine wandered on with her own bitter thought,
The gloomier depths of the forest she sought.
And there, gentle Nature, who never betrays
The heart that doth love and will trust her always,

Seemed to soothe with her gently, murmuring breeze.
As it passed over head 'mid fresh summer leaves.
The clear, babbling stream, as onward it went
From mountain and glade, to the broad ocean sent,
Seemed singing of peace, a song freely given,
Which reached the bruised heart of Maudine Lariven.
Gentle Nature thus soothed this wild, throbbing breast;
And over the night spread her curtain of rest.

PART V.

IN a crowded park, in the city New York,
We turn to Dean Well, here alone in a walk
Far remote from the crowd and babel of men.
He was thinking of things that once might have been.
Again from his pocket a letter he drew
And read it again, though its contents he knew.
The morning he'd spent in writing and tearing
Thoughts that on paper seemed almost too daring.
And now as he read for the twentieth time,
This one little note, scarcely more than a line,
An irritable frown spread over his face.
The letter in bits lay about him in waste.
"The soil of New England disturbs me, it seems;
My nerves serve me best with those Italian dreams.
Four years! and a woman—a far-away look
Comes haunting me still, like the page of some book,
When book and its title are long since forgot,
But memory clings to that one little spot.
But away, idle thoughts, I know I'm a man,
Although I have trembled this dead past to scan.
Silly fellow I've been. Why write a letter?
I'll run up for a day, that will be better."

Our remedies often are worse than disease,
But they do, at least, serve to give the mind ease.

* * * * *

Next morning Dean Well found himself on his way
To find the retreat in the mountains that lay.

The day was just dying: its bright golden hue
Spread over the valley and brought into view
The little white cot, which surrounded by trees
Was a place where fancy her thread of gold weaves.
The clear, mountain stream through the green valley led,
Sang merrily on o'er its rough, pebbly bed:
And the calm, peaceful lake in the sunbeams lay
Reflecting the light of the fast dying day.
And a sweet sense of rest spread over the whole:
With its soft soothing breath it seemed to enfold
The valley, the lake, and the stream and the cot,
And all things seemed whispering peace in this spot.
From the heart of Dean Well, who stood on the hill,
Gazing long on the scenes which seemed but to fill
His life with a longing, a sense of unrest,
Which swelled in his bosom an unwelcome guest,
Came a sigh. The loneliest of lonely things.
To know that rest hovers, yet not feel its wings.
But he, humanlike, cast the present aside:
And his thoughts passed on to the future so wide.
And truly we all watch the canvas time turns,

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Though sometimes the heart for the past vainly yearns.
The future—O, vast, incomparable realm!
You hold all of life's balms, with hope at your helm.

So when out on the lake a little canoe
Drifted lazily on, as if trying to woo
The sunlight, which spoke in a lingering kiss,
And sank to its rest: leaving only that bliss,
Which it gives the dim, dusky things of the eve,
When it gently lies down, thus taking its leave.

Dean Well noted closely the inmate, who lay
In this frail canoe, dreaming daylight away.
And knew it Maudine and so hurriedly on
He followed the path to the valley beyond.
And soon near the lake he stood waiting to see
That far away look and that woman to be
Hereafter his friend. What a word to apply
To one who for us makes the cloud or the sky!
The man who thus stood, tempting fate in a way,
Would gladly have fled though his heart bade him stay.

Ere long and the little canoe in its place
Had been fastened. Maudine with that girlish grace
That marked every movement, began to ascend
The little embankment, which stood to defend
The waters that lay in its peaceful embrace,
Reflecting its rugged and moss-covered face.

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Dean Well stepped in view, and extended his hand
With a courtly bow, and a manner so bland.
Maudine stood, a moment bewildered and dazed,
As then to his face, her great, brown eyes she raised.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lariven, today,
Disturbing your pleasures in this ruthless way.
I walked from the tavern—two miles, I believe:
Seeing you here, I came, at once, to receive
A welcome from you, to this mountain retreat.
I am sure you thought you were never to meet
In this ideal spot, you have chosen to stay,
One harsh jarring note from the world's idle play.
I come as that note, though I hope you'll forgive,
Since it takes jarring notes to teach us to live."

Maudine

"Forgive you! Oh well, since this valley is filled
With such melodies as no human has stilled,
I suppose that one note in you, Mr. Well,
Would never a change in the old mountains tell."

Dean

"What sweet assurance from you, Miss Lariven.
A kinder welcome you could not have given.
And now I am content, since in this wild spot
You tell me I'm not even one little dot."

MAUDINE LARIVEN

Maudine

"How kind to accept it. But really I'm glad
To see the harsh note, and I should have been sad
If you had returned without seeking me out,
Although I have well stationed mountain redoubts.
I heard from dear Dora last week, I believe
She told me you would come, if you could receive
Instructions to find my wild home in the hills.
But I hardly thought that her promise you'd fill:
For it seems much further from New York, you know,
Than people in Paris, who think but to go
To America's soil, and all is complete.
One need but to think of the friends they would meet
And lo! they are there. And now, Dora, you know,
Thinks I should have preference, and that you owe
To me this pleasure. And I think so, too.
For friends should appear when they find their notes due.
I'm sure you'll find this place much better than Rome.
So come with me now to my dear, summer home.
But now, before taking you into a siege,
For these folks will talk you to death, I allege,
Before you are here for one day and a night,
So it's best to prepare right now for the fight."

Dean

"With your forewarning, I'll at least use my tongue.
In fact, I feel now it is already strung

With rich, jewel beads, that will be broken quite
When I have thus finished my tales for the night."

Maudine

"Yes, I feel assured you will do well your part.
So now I shall just give the old ball a start
By here introducing the man of the house.
His dear little wife is as meek as a mouse,
But run from this man, I say, if you can;
I'm sure that you'll find running is worse than to stand."

They passed into the house; the greetings were made
By the farmer and wife, delighted, they said
To welcome a stranger to this goodly land;
Delightful he'd find it, compared with the sand
Of city or sea shore. 'Twas pure mountain air
That built the robust, and made fairer the fair.

* * * * *

A week had gone by, and this pure mountain air.
Held a charm for Dean Well, a charm sweet and rare.
Each morning he said, as he saw the sun rise,
"I leave here tomorrow. I know it is not wise
To continue to stay 'mid these tempting scenes;
Yet, only this day but to drift. Then the means
To carry me back to reality's shore
Where I never shall yield nor drift any more."

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Tomorrow, alas! never comes, never claims
The promise we've made to her often used name.
So Dean Well continued to drift with the stream
That was carrying him on in a madd'ning dream.

Today as he strolled with Maudine down the vale
To their favorite nook, from whence they set sail
In Maudine's canoe, without rudder or oar,
And over the lake glided oft as before,
They drifted away to a cool shady nook
'Neath a sycamore tree. The breeze gently shook
The broad silver leaves, and a music awoke:
A blessing for them it did doubtless evoke.

Dean Well was the first the sweet silence to break.
"I'm going tomorrow," he said, "and must make
My stay in New York even shorter than this.
I've shirked my duties while enjoying the bliss
Of freedom and pleasure, in your mountain home,
And back to those duties and world must I roam.
But this, an oasis in life's burning sands,
I'll ever remember as earth's fairest lands.
I do not known why, but I must tell you this—
You can care not, I know, but then I have missed
All my ideals of life; and all I would be
Falls so short, that I often wonder to see
Myself accepting this, my lot, as I do:
And why I can't rise and attempt yet to hew

Another plan for my life. Ah, but my will
With the slime of the past seems utterly filled.
Do you believe, Miss Lariven, that our lives
Are moulded by us, or that Fate holds the prize,
And it's only chance, if we win it at all;
Though we eagerly strive, yet only to fall?"

Maudine

"It is said, that the fault lies not in our star.
Life is given to us to make or to mar.
We may strive through years, until three score and ten
Have passed o'er our heads, and then never win
One ideal that beckoned us on in the chase,
But then do I hold it cannot be a waste
Thus, in spending one's time in trying to be
The objects we would be, had we but the key,
To unlock by magic the door of success;
And this key, I argue, we all do possess;
Only finding the lock to which it belongs
Takes a will ne'er daunted, a well firm and strong."

Dean

"I see, Miss Lariven, you'd never forgive
A man who did not for some ideal live."

Maudine

"Yes, truly, Mr. Well, I can not see why,
In this life of ours, which so quickly goes by,

How man, or how woman, with talents to give,
Can go idly on, content only to live.
God gives each some talent, it is ours to find
And develop. So we have only to grind
In this great life-mill the grain that is given,
None can do more, even angels in heaven."

Dean

"Could I blot the past, and begin life anew!
But it is too late, there is nothing to do
But accept whatever time brings to me now.
The deeds have been mine, to their yoke I must bow,"

Maudine

"Mr Well, I can see you are gloomy this eve.
The clouds will all pass when the mountains you leave,
And into the world you go back and can find,
In the deeds of the public, food for that mind.
You see, your brain has been starving the while
That your physical man has enjoyed the mild,
Free mountain life; but too tame for your brain
Have been these great courts amid Freedom's fair reign."

Dean

"But could you know the thoughts that this brain has known;
Thoughts I try not, myself, to dare call my own,
You would know why the clouds now hover about
And wrap me, alas, in their dark fold of doubt.

MAUDINE LARIVEN

O Maudine, I feel that you already know
What my heart spoke to you, so long, long ago.
It was not mere fancy—a dream—but a truth:
'Twas the love of a man, and not fickle youth,
That I offered you then; but now, Maudine, now,
Oh come to my heart, for this love I avow.
I cannot return to that world, as of old,
Thus giving a lie to an innocent soul.
God implants in our lives this feeling of love
With which He rules earth, and high heaven above.
Then why should we try to disobey His strong will
In trying to crush, and to finally kill
This gift of His love, that lives now in the heart?
It's born of our God. Can we bid it depart?"

In a firm gentle clasp Maudine felt her hand,
But restricted him not. The strength of the man
For the moment prevailed o'er the woman's will.
The cry of the heart for this moment was still.
"Maudine, only speak what I feel to be true.
You love me today, ah! I know that you do.
Oh, tell me, Maudine, bid my weary soul rest."
And he folded her close to his heaving breast.
In that moment of bliss—that passionate fold—
Heart spoke unto heart and soul spoke unto soul.

Maudine's gentle voice, like some soft, liquid note,
On the ear of Dean Well so rudely now broke,

The sweetest of music sometimes seems a curse
When it speaks to the heart not better, but worse
Than it already knows. So now with Dean Well.
He felt that the calm voice was only to tell
A different story from that of the heart:
For it would say only the one word, "Depart!"

Maudine

"I feel that my soul for this once has been read:
But now to the world it shall ever be dead.
Woman ever forgives a strong man his fault.
You awaken my soul: but know that the vault
Awaits to receive it again to itself:
A cold shrouded soul, but then life is still left.
Return, oh! return to the life that awaits
Through the portals of love—those heavenly gates—
And there find the heart that lives but in your life,
A heart that knows neither the battle nor strife
Of this outer world, but lives only in love.
A dark cloud has never yet hovered above
That dear life of hers, and now we two, her friends,
Cannot be the means thus to darken the lens."

Dean

"Is it strength, Maudine, do you think, thus to live—
A lover, a husband, with nothing to give
But a name? Do you think God will and can bless
A union like this, and bestow happiness?"

Maudine

"If love were all, Mr. Well; but then, you know,
There is still another, a friend or a foe,
Which ever we make of fair honor it claims
The right to protect or to scorn at our names."

Dean

"Our ideas on honor could never agree.
Thus your opinion I already see
Is one that condemns my most noble act.
For I've shown you wherein this union would lack.
For love and fair honor must go hand in hand,
But poor honor there'd be, and poorer the man
Who would live a lie for the sake of a word
Whose meaning was dead. And far better to gird
On the sword, which honor will give to defend,
And strike out those things which we never can mend.
Oh, help me, Maudine, to begin life anew!
How different it is, how changed is the hue,
If only your love could lend its bright ray,
And its blessings give at the close of life's day."

Maudine

"Mr. Well, you know not what you ask tonight.
But time in his course will put things aright.
Go back to the life you have planned and must live,
My star from a distance will watch and will give
Such beams as it can. I may not claim the right,

In this battle of life, by your side to fight.
Go back to that love, that knows only its bliss;
It will lift you, make you far better than this
Which has known only shadows—they serve a friend;
I couldn't part with them for the bravest of men."

PART VI.

Next day found Dean Well in the vast crowded streets
Of the city. Amid the rush that one meets,
Whose action and turmoil serve well as a balm
To a mind that seeks in this action a calm.

'Tis strange how the world, in its cold, austere way,
Can drive from the mind all those things that but prey
On the heart. When we from a newly made grave
Of some treasured hope, we had striven to save,
Turn back to that cold and that unfeeling world,
Again lose ourselves in its rush and its whirl:
While deep in the heart there lies buried from view
This hope in its grave, on its tombstone, "Untrue."

Dean Well went again to the life that had been,
Went back to that life he had thought but a sin:
With a hope buried deep. But over the sod
Time spread other blossoms, which now wave and nod
In the twilight of peace. He finds in his home
A pure love, which he knows was ever his own.
And complete is the life of Dora Duvall
In the love of this man, who holds her life's all.
And now that ten years have passed over the scene,
We leave with their happiness, Dora and Dean.

PART VII.

Surrounded by wealth, in an elegant home,
Sits a woman tonight—a woman alone.
The poor look upon her and call her the blest:
Her words to the weary speak comfort and rest:
An angel she's called by those who have felt
The touch of her life, which seems ever to melt
And divide the gross from the pure and the true:
And over each life spread a roseate hue.
She has given her heart, has given her mind,
Not only to one, but to all human kind.
She has touched with her pen some hearts long, long dead:
And many of those who to sorrow were wed,
She has quickened and soothed, and offered the bread
That's food for the living, and life for the dead.

Tonight, as she sits in the gathering gloom,
Fond spirits seem hovering about in the room.
Many hearts are responding unto her own.
'Tis only the harvest of seed she has sown.
But one heart and one soul seem nearer tonight:
'Tis the woman whose love had served but to blight
One dream of her life. And the note that awoke
The dream, stirred the life to a firm bolder stroke.
Now on the heights, with a world's homage given,
We take our last glimpse of Maudine Lariven.